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Judge

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THE ANIMALS: "AND YET THEY CALL US BRUTES!"

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TO J. LAWRENCE S.—Don't give up the skip.

* * *

THE HAPPIEST CELEBRATOR—The man who doesn't celebrate.

* * *

"WHAT IS LIFE without a meal?" asks a despairing man. Why, of course, that's death.

* * *

EVERYBODY has a method of distributing the funds contributed to suffering Johnstown—everybody but the people who need the funds.

* * *

TO MR. BOWEN—It may be an advertisement, my boy, but there is no better stock than Woodstock.

* * *

HEART FAILURE is the great trouble among diseases, because it so happens that everybody dies of it.

* * *

THE ONLY MAN who cannot be tipped is the undertaker, and he is greatly amazed at the persistency with which the corpse ignores him.

* * *

TO BE in the swim is not the greatest happiness. There was a man who got there sufficiently to be taken out of the East river, and he was dead.

* * *

GUNPOWDER is necessary in time of war; but—it is safe to say it now, and the dear boys are the same boys that most of us used to be—it's a pity that every cracker hasn't the power to blow off the hair of the youth who fires it in time of peace.

* * *

WHILE IT IS TRUE that Governor Foraker talks at times a little too much with his mouth, he talks enough with his legs to get to the desired destination within the time prescribed, and that balances the account.

* * *

THE ENTHUSIASM for those prize-fighters was great. Their journey to the battle-field was a triumphal tour. Is there not some significance in this? How would it be for Messrs. Blaine and Cleveland to think of it?

* * *

IT MIGHT be a good idea for the daily newspapers to give up all their space to announcements of the attractions of their Sunday editions. At present they reserve a third of their space for news and commendation of their extraordinary enterprise, and there's too much news.

* * *

"IF HORACE GREELEY were a Chicagoan," says the Chicago *Times*, "he would have had a monument years ago." Mr. Greeley was a good man, and therefore he is not a Chicagoan—he has gone in the opposite direction; but if he had been a Chicagoan he wouldn't have cared a continental whether he had a monument or not.

OUTGROWN HIS FATHER.

MR. HAWBECK—"You ain't seen my son afore, have yer?"
CITY VISITOR—"Why, no. Very likely boy, isn't he? Takes after his father."
MR. HAWBECK—"You bet he does, when he gits riled. Took after me four times 'round th' barn this mornin' 'cause I spoke kind 'r irritated to him."

WE HAVE heretofore mentioned the fact that our Chauncey goes abroad on a day briefly preceding the fourth of July. There is no absolute treason in this; but when Chauncey runs for president he will have to have British gold to set him right before the excited populace.

PROFESSIONAL WIND.

NOTHING in this world requires so much nerve and diplomacy and audacity as the bluff that precedes a prize-fight. One stands in admiration of it when it begins, in fear of it as it proceeds, and in awe of it when it is demonstrated that it was, after all, merely the pretension that ought to provoke nothing but contempt.

THE SOLID MULDOON.

IF YOU are sick and want to get well, hire Doctor Muldoon. If you have a leg off or if you want a leg on, hire Surgeon Muldoon. If you wish to be athletic, hire Trainer Muldoon. There is nothing in this business of health, recuperation, or restoration that that man Muldoon doesn't understand, and so says Mr. Sullivan himself.

HINT.

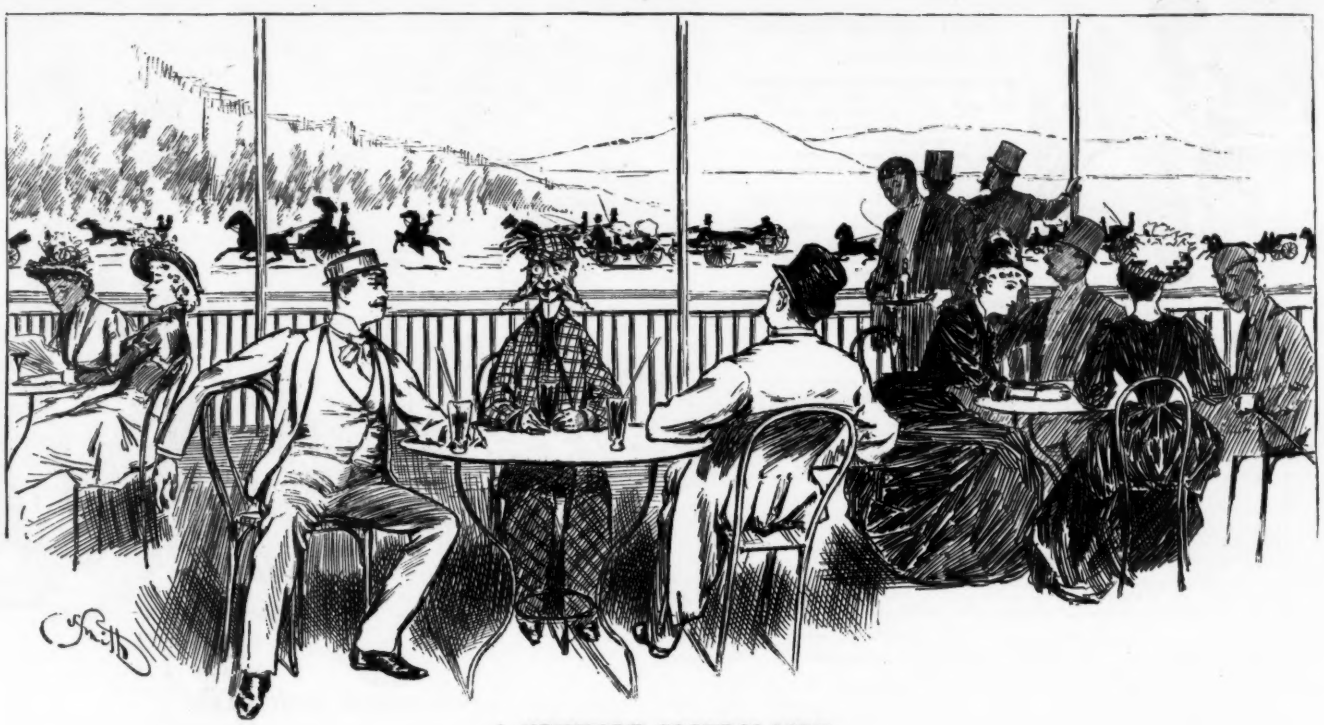
THE REPUBLICANS of this state want to look out for the legislature. They need the senate particularly, and the house especially, and in an off year your friend David B. does much of his surreptitious and delicate work. It is a pointer, too, for your uncle Grover. Suppose the legislature should be changed politically, what feathers the young man David would carry in his ambitious hat! And there, too, is that impending vacancy in our William's seat at Washington.

ABOUT HAIR.

THE STORY that William Walter Phelps wears bangs to hide a scar is denied, and very truthfully and properly. Mr. Phelps wears bangs because it pleases him to wear bangs; and if anybody doesn't like bangs all he has to do is to attend to his own hair and business and look the other way. Because this is a free country for both Mr. Phelps and the tittle-tattler who wants to manage all the affairs of this world except his own.

WHAT OF THE MUGWUMP?

THE "INDEPENDENT" adulation of Cleveland, on which the large free-trade element in the Democratic party depends, is a very fugitive and uncertain support. Playing fast and loose with politics, perturbed from its path by some local or accidental asteroid, its swerving cannot possibly be calculated. If the party, so recently defeated on the delusion of helping the American tax-payer by cheapening foreign goods and enforcing idleness on our own people by such displacement of their labor, should cajole its leaders to recreate one of the old style of elastic platforms, it is a question if the discontented infallibles would surely follow such a leading. Such a scheme might engender political torpidity, and an abstinence of mugwump voting altogether, as leaving too little a choice between such a probable Democratic and such a positive Republican evil. The highest mugwump authority states that the "independents" cannot permanently join either of the existing contesting camps. Their votes being ruled out of the primaries of each party, because differing from both, they are only to be satisfied with their own special methods of national salvation and reform. Therefore, not being allowed a voice in the nominations, and barred by its own scrupulous exclusiveness, its allegiance, if gained, can be gained only by some successful glittering and delusive proposition that, like the whirling spoon of the angler, tempts the fish to swallow a worsted fly. The creed of the mugwump is narrowed



A NEWPORT SOCKDOLAGER.

BERRYMAN—"The first time I saw her I thought she was the most ravishingly beautiful creature I ever sat eyes on. Just wait till she comes by."
LORD DUNCASTOR—"I say, me boy, you know what I'm over heah for. Intwoduce me, won't you?"
WAINRITE—"Why, hang it, man! we were talking about De Kane's bay filly. You can't very well marry a horse."

to grumbling and but two well-defined articles of faith—civil service, and a tariff for revenue rather than protection. Both propositions are a mimicry of the English system, proper enough for a people of hereditary traditions and solicitous, through its packed social surroundings, of permanence of place; capable also, through cheap and unlimited capital, abundant and low-priced labor, to drive any competitor out of the markets of the world. It is said there are men who put up their umbrellas in New York when the cable announces a rain in London. There are, it is certain, anglophobists who, regardless of the wide difference of conditions between Europe and the United States, would imitate a policy fitted for the one and utterly inapplicable to the other. The general principle of fitness for place and capacity to fill it is unassailable. No one would advocate distributing a mail with a shovel; yet it is just as absurd to demand a knowledge of trigonometry where only mnemonic geography is needed. Furthermore, official permanence induces official petrifaction, and the life-holder of place becomes an automaton. Every business man of experience learns that new blood is needed to keep abreast of the tide, and is frequently embarrassed in fighting the battles of trade with forces that are fossilized. A government with permanent "hold-overs" would be doubly embarrassed, or driven to add to its civil list the expense of pensioned invalids. A political shifter has no claim to be a reformer. An ally to-day, and likely an opponent to-morrow, should better be counted out of any helping. Those who suffered defeat, not only from the political enemy, but also had to struggle against defection of men of the same political faith, whose award was broken promises and unkept pledges, yet who, nevertheless, subordinate their personal disappointments for the general good, are the true reformers of politics, and will win in good time, though the battle be against them to-day.

J. A.

A VIRGINIAN says William Mahone is a disgrace to Virginia. That's too bad. Why not, to do justice to the man's assumption and importance, spread the disgrace over the United States.

* * *

THERE IS TALK of artificial ice to offset the advance in the price of the natural article. Let us go further. Let us beat those ice monopolists by getting up a cool and enjoyable artificial atmosphere.

* * *

THE SHAH at a public dinner does not eat or drink, and his remarks are given in a whisper to his neighbors at the right and left. The shah loves his dinner-giver, but his style is rather rough on the neighbors.

* * *

THERE IS TALK of lynching Dr. McDow of Charleston, the able and interesting seducer and murderer; but the doctor remains at home and appears to think he has more pluck than all or any of the men who are doing the talking.

* * *

MR. BRIERLY, companion of the woman Maybrick who poisoned her husband, will give queen's evidence against the woman. That will be justice to a bad woman, and the justice will be complete when Mr. Brierly is hanged by the populace without the knowledge of the local authorities.

MARINELY INGENUOUS.

MISS DULUTH (*from the west, during some very thick weather*)—"What is that bell ringing for?"
MR. MORETON—"Fog."
MISS DULUTH—"I should think people could see it without having their attention called to it by a gong."

TWO INVITATIONS.

May writes:

DEAR HELEN, you must surely come, the season is so gay.
I'll tell you now just what to bring, and then of course you may
Make such additions as seem fit. I hope you'll come to stay.

Well, dear, to be effective here, where color is the rage,
One should adopt some quiet tint; soft gray would suit your age—
I mean your youth; but then the *shade* is difficult to gauge.

I've chosen black, and stick to it. Just once I thought I'd dare
A change. I wore flame-color, and you should have seen them stare,
Especially the men. Of course my arms and neck were bare.

Still, as I said, the quieter the dress the more it makes
One seem a contrast to the throng, and that's the thing that takes;
And that's just what we're playing for—our very highest stakes.

But bring your nicest underwear. These rocks are very steep,
And sometimes, in the climbing, one is apt to jump and leap;
So have your flouncings all of lace and extra fine and deep.

Be lavish, dear, in parasols, as brilliant as you choose.
They make the picture's setting, and shine out against the blues
And grays of ocean background—if one the term can use.

The place is very full this year; the faces all seem new.
The men are simply *splendid*, and there's plenty of them, too.
I know that is the best inducement I can offer *you*.

So come; we'll have no end of fun. My Jack is still away.
He's camping out at Wildwood glen, and says he'll write to-day
To ask your Frank to join him. Won't *that* be lovely, too? MAY.

Jack writes:

Dear boy, come up and stretch yourself—come up and breathe some air.
Get out of that infernal rut. It makes a fellow swear
To think what lives we live all year, penned in the city there.

I've lots of things to tell you, but I can't keep on the track;
There's too much world, and sky, and breeze—come up and take a whack.
And bring the oldest togs you have—the very oldest. JACK.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A VALUABLE HENCHMAN.

JOCKOLETTO (*the first assistant organist*)—"Old Brindisi's been a good friend of mine, an' I ain't goin' t' see th' business suffer just 'cause he's full."

HUM OF THE COURT.

EVERYBODY will be glad to hear that Robert Garrett is improving as to his upper story.

ZOLA WILL have five murders in his next novel, to say nothing of his habitual assassination of the proprieties.

EX-KING MILAN is without money or credit; and as to his ex-wife, all the credit she has is much to her discredit.

LITTLE BILLY of Germany has kinged it a whole year, and has got so used to greatness that he sometimes hangs his crown on the bed-post and sleeps without it.

THE BOTHER of the long summer rest is the same as Bridget's of a quiet Sunday. "I get so tired o' bein' aisy," says Bridget.

NOWADAYS when there is a mysterious murder the question is not, "Who was the woman?" but "Who was the Irishman?"

TENNYSON is to have $1,000 for a new poem. It may be a good or a bad poem; and that, Mr. Shakespeare, is precisely what there is in a name.

A LADY BATHER at Long Branch who failed to put on her breast-pin caught such a severe cold that she didn't recover from it in some days.

"DID EVE TALK French?" asks an exchange. It is not recorded, we believe, that Eve talked anything; and perhaps that is the most curious thing in biblical history.

A LADY in Syracuse found a five-dollar gold piece in an orange. The writer would have made it a twenty-dollar gold piece, but it was too small an orange.

ROYALTY IS NICE in some respects; but the man who isn't royal can have the privilege of marrying somebody's cousin besides his own, and so providing against the royal article of idiocy.

A WOMAN recently hanged had only one regret. It was this—that she couldn't survive the rope and the notoriety in order to go on the stage.

THE EARL OF FIFE will be very lonesome after he marries the princess Louise; but he can occasionally repeat his little toots with his father-in-law.

IT IS WELL said in *Munsey's Weekly* that the walking delegates are the men who ride in carriages. The men who walk are the men who provide the vehicles.

THE PEOPLE of Charleston are McDowd with some of the virtues, and chief of them is a belief in the right to shoot a man in the back by way of self-defense.

REMARK BY AN actress on the day of her marriage—"We won't begin to discuss the divorce until next week, will we, dear?"

BEN BUTLER says he wouldn't change places with the highest official in this country. But the highest official needn't feel sensitive. Perhaps he wouldn't change places with Ben Butler.

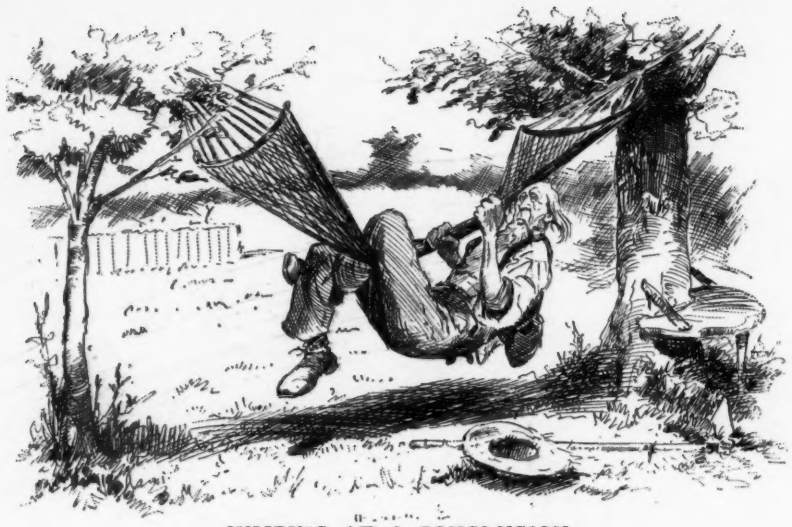
SIMON CAMERON regretted that his son Don didn't have to begin life without money, as his father did; and that's where most fathers and sons are more lucky than the Camerons, notwithstanding their wealth.

"MY DAUGHTER cannot marry a beggar," said the rich old man to the poor young applicant. "Let us look at precedent, sir," was the respectful reply. "Your daughter's mother tried the experiment and succeeded admirably."

HORSE SENSE, according to the Washington *Post*, is typified in the fact that the horse never docks his own tail. That's first-rate; and horse sense in the man is shown in the facts that if he is bald-headed he can't cut his own hair, and he never kicks out with his hind legs.

IN DEMAND.

JACK—"I'm going back to business to-morrow. Are you sorry?"
HIS ENSLAVER (*earnestly*)—"More than I can tell you."
JACK (*not contented with a fair compliment*)—"Why?"
HIS ENSLAVER—"Because we are to have a picnic to-morrow, and I did so want you to make our calves'-head sandwiches. Brother Tom has spoken of you so feelingly in connection with the subject, you know."



JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

FARMER HOBBUCK (*who has often seen the hammock from a distance*)—"If them city boarders call this comfort, I reck'n they won't kick if I take back our ole hair mattress an' give 'm corn-husks t' sleep on."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

AT THE CLUB.

"Yes, George, you may announce my marriage."

"Nonsense!"

"Fact, dear boy; everything is settled—decided on. I've even bought the *trousseau*. Only one thing remains to be done."

"And what is that?"

"To find the girl."

GOOD FOR HIM SHE WASN'T.

"JOHNNY is an awful boy," said Mrs. Brown. "He hasn't sat still a moment this whole blessed day."

"If I was his mother," returned Mrs. Slipper, "he wouldn't sit still for a whole month."

HARD TO PLEASE.

"THIS IS a nice horse you sold me," said Sniggs. "Why, his ribs are coming out of his sides."

"Well," replied the dealer, "you couldn't expect them to come out anywhere else, could you?"

THE LATEST FROM NIAGARA FALLS.

HACKMAN (*on a very warm day*)—"Fifty cents, boss."

BUFFALO TOURIST—"What for?"

HACKMAN—"You an' der gal has been standin' in der shade of my cab fer ten minutes."

A SATISFACTORY BALANCE.

A BACHELOR of forty he,
A man of culture, pride, and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she,
With sparkling eyes and glowing health.

He wooed, but not as others have,
With loving words more sweet than true.
He laid his bank-book in her hand,
And merely turned to "Balance due."

She raised her eyes; his cause was won—
A maid of sterling sense was she.
He clasped her to his manly breast,
And now a married man is he.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

"THAT ACTOR you introduced me to," remarked Giles, "can drink more than any man I ever met."

"He belongs to the new school, you know," returned Merritt. "He's a tank actor."

MADE TO FEEL AT HOME.

"IS THERE anybody here who wants to see the man with the bad eye?" he bellowed, as he came into the bar-room where the boys were discussing politics.

In an instant six revolvers were pulled. "That's right, boys," he said; "because if you didn't want to see me I was going right back home."

TOO MUCH OF THIS NONSENSE.

Sink (of the firm of Sink & Swim)—"Well, Mr. Gilhooly, we don't need a man just now; but if you will work for the salary we have spoken about I will hire you, on one condition."

Gilhooly—"I accept. Name it."

Sink—"That you will not have the daily papers announce that you 'have accepted a very advantageous offer from Sink & Swim.'"

COULDN'T GET IT THERE.

Woman—"Aren't you afraid, my good man, that eating so much will give you indigestion?"

Tramp—"No, mum; quantity never gives me indigestion. It's quality what does that."

HAD NO POCKET.

Bessie—"How did you come to lose your carfare?"

Jennie—"I sneezed."

AN AQUACAUST.

MR. BENOVER (*looking out of dead-light the morning after the boys have bidden him bon voyage*)—"Croton water-pipes mushter busted, t' fill up (hicgle) shtreetsh like zhat."

TWO VIEWS.

"WHAT do you think of my new hat, Maria? It cost eleven dollars."

"It's a nice hat, Adolph; but eleven dollars is a good deal of money."

Two hours later.

"Maria, I got a bill to-day for that freak of a bonnet of yours—eleven dollars. That's extortionate."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Adolph. Eleven dollars isn't much money."

INCREDIBLE.

Wife—"I've just been reading of the suicide of a man because his wife said something he didn't like. They had been married over twenty years, too."

Husband—"I don't believe it."

Wife—"Don't believe he committed suicide?"

Husband—"No; don't believe they had been married twenty years."

THE BASE-BALL PLAYER.

JOYOUS are his friends whene'er he makes a base-hit;
When he steals a bag the crowd extols with vim;
When a fly he takes who would withhold a plaudit?
But when he goes out how many jeer at him!

Let him thump the leather for a brace of bases
And with bravos you will hear the welkin ring;
But alas! whenever he the leather chases
Where is one who will the chaser's praises sing?

In one inning he may knock the ball from vision,
And with leisure place a home-run on the score;
But three useless strikes the next time end his mission
Till again he works some marvel as before.

Thus we see the noble game is like existence:
You may make a hit in life and calmly view
All the problems of well-being and subsistence
Until some one in the game surpasses you.

J. A. WALDRON.

WRONG KIND OF MEASUREMENT.

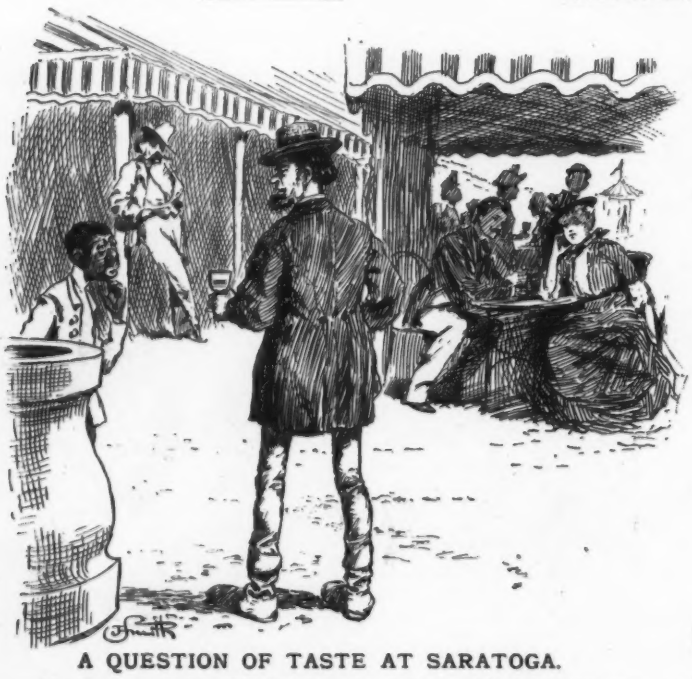
Wife (just moved into the country)—"John, I wish you'd take this address. They advertise garden-hose so cheap I think I'd like a dozen pairs, for I shall certainly get mine soiled soon enough to want to change them often if I've got to pick the strawberries and all that sort of thing." (Hands him an advertisement which reads, "Garden-hose by the foot or yard.")

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

MR. BENTGOOD—"H-hol' on dar! Whadjer doin'?"

MR. PIPER (*excitedly*)—"Sistah Jennin's done fell ovahboahd, an' I's chuckin' her d' life-b'oy!"

MR. BENTGOOD—"Drap dat, yo' fool coon! Doan' yo' know yo's got yo' han's on d' ice-cream freezah?"



A QUESTION OF TASTE AT SARATOGA.

MR. BENDIGO (*taking his first draught of the water*)—"Say, boy! you wanter watch that gent from Texas over there. I'll bet two ter one he's been cleanin' his revolver in that 'ere tank."

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

A SERGEANT to a soldier who has just been to a dentist:

"Why, booby, you let the man pull out a good tooth for a bad one and didn't say anything."

"Yes, because he didn't charge me anything."

"Oh, that's different."

NO BUTTONS.

Mamma—"Dotkins, have you got baby to sleep yet?"

Dotkins—"No, mamma; I tan't make him teep his eyes buttoned."

A CORRECTED SENTENCE.

Teacher—"Johnnie, is it proper to say 'Peaches is better than watermelons'?"

Johnnie (who evidently has his likes and dislikes)—"No, ma'am."

Teacher—"Well, you may correct the sentence."

Johnnie—"Watermelons is better than peaches."

TRYING TO BREAK OFF.

ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Fleecy—"What are those things you have over your ears?"

Downy—"Muzzles, or masks."

Fleecy—"What makes you wear them?"

Downy—"I've carried home six bath-towels in those ears already this season, and I've got to do something to break myself of the habit."

AN INVINCIBLE ARGUMENT.

Mrs. Brown—"I made that chalk-line on the floor to see if you had been drinking again, and I find that you have."

Brown—"Pshaw! What's that prove? Don't you know that a woman can't make a straight line?"

SOME NEW DEFINITIONS.

Year—A period of time that, in the case of ladies of a certain age, is sometimes extended to eighteen months.

Bird-shot—The small-pox of partridges.

Silence—The flashes of wit of stupid people.

A DAMPER ON CONVERSATION.

YACHTSMAN—"Fishing?"

PUNTER—"No; sawin' wood."

POLLY.

IT IS SAID he's an ass who applauds
A parcel of wall-flower sillies;
So poets may sing of their Mauds,
Their Fannies, their Roses, or Lilies.
But I would I might weave into verse
(That was resonant, swinging, and jolly)
A rhyme, alike pleasing and terse,
About my old brier-root, Polly.

When luck pulls me down in the mouth
And books and playhouses seem dreary,
When debtors flee north or flee south,
Old Poll sets me witty and cheery.
I don't care a rap of my fist
For cambric or silk-covered Dolly,
Provided the 'baccy will twist
And fit snug in my brier-root, Polly.

When the town saves its breath in July
And weeds in the pavements are springing,
When sleighs cut the yearly supply
Of snow that the Christmas is bringing,
When taxes and bills in array
Awaken a dense melancholy,
The troubles of life fade away
With the puffs from my brier-root, Polly.

If favorites take second place,
If tigers get tippled and saucy,
If daughters kick over the trace,
If friends become callous and "bossy"—
Draw the tea in your bachelor den,
Laugh loud at the whispers of folly,
Rid your thoughts of all women and men,
And abide by a friend like my Polly.

DEWITT STERRY.

IT MAY COME TO THIS.

Stranger—"I'd like to see Mr. Squib, the society editor of this paper."

Managing editor—"Well, he's busy just now."

Stranger—"I thought he was not occupied about this hour of the day."

Managing editor—"Well, he isn't, usually; but we had to detail him to-day to report the divorce proceedings between his father and mother. He understands the case better than an outsider would."

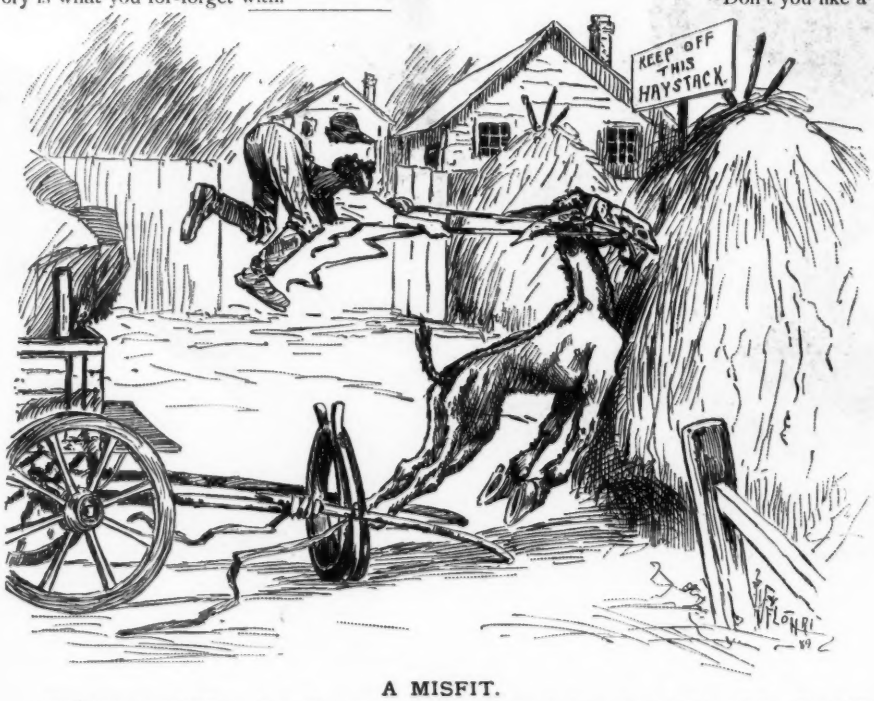
A LOGICAL MIND.

"OH! PAPA, how funny you are still alive!" said Master Tommy, aged five, running up to the bedside of his father, who had been attacked by an epidemic disease. "Why, there's Mr. Smith, next door, has just been buried, and he was took sick a whole week before you."

A NEW DEFINITION.

Teacher—"Now, my young friend, can you tell me what memory is?"

Master Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—"Please, sir, memory is what you for-forget with."



A MISFIT.

MR. EAKINS—"Whoa, dar! Dat makes d' secon' time yo's been t'rough dat collah. S'pec' I'll hab t' git yo' swelled, 'r d' harness shrunked."

MORE THAN HE FISHED FOR.

MISS DOVECOTE (*hostess*)—"Why don't you come into the parlor and dance, Mr. Orkwood?"

MR. ORKWOOD (*who loves flattery*)—"Ah, deah me, you know, I darnce so beastly, don'tcherknow, that I'm sure I'd make a fool of meself."

MISS DOVECOTE (*reassuringly*)—"You couldn't do that, I'm sure, Mr. Orkwood. You know it takes a wise man to play the fool."

A SUMMER'S TALE.

NAN TUCK ET into her head to try a New port for her outing this summer. She said she'd be sensible for once—take only one Saratoga or so, and not spend more than $1,000.

When I asked her where she'd go she seemed undecided.

"Well, a Cape May please some, but I like a Lake, George, and I'd have a Rich field for my favorite sport there. I like to cast a line standing on a log or Block; Island lots more fish that way, I'm sure. But then, for the Bath, Beach is necessary, and for picnics you need an Old Orchard or an Ocean Grove, where, if you want to build a fire, you'll find plenty of little twigs and many a Long Branch lying around."

"Don't you like a Park?" I asked.

"I do not, As bury well you know."

"How about the Pier?" I ventured.

"The views of society there are too Narra; gan sett all day and count the different cliques. I don't care to be everlastingly climbing over such a Bar; Harbor no ill-will toward any one, and when I Mount, Desert no old friends."

'N' i ag'ra vatingly replied to all this, "You go to Halifax with your thousand dollars."

To which she quickly responded, "If you'll make it a couple of Thousand, Isles see about it."

AKISTINE ANDERSON.

BUSINESS FOLLOWS HIS PULSE.

New-Yorker (in Boston)—"How's business?"

Boston merchant—"Well, sir, business isn't what it ought to be at this season of the year."

New-Yorker—"Do you find that politics is at the bottom of it?"

Boston merchant—"Oh, no, sir; but (in a whisper) John L. Sullivan is sick."

NATURALLY.

Sunday-school teacher—"Are there any questions that the class would like to ask?"

Little Tommy Tuttle—"What kind of lights did they have in the ark at night?"

Little Johnny Sawhorse—"I know, teacher. They was arc-lights."

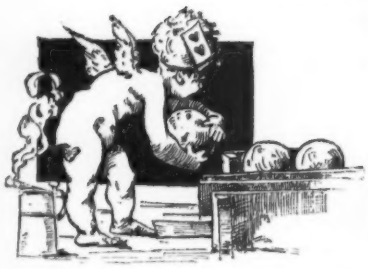
THE DANGERS IN THE PATH OF T

The brigands of the country lie in ambush for

TH OF THE SUMMER TOURIST.

in a bush for him and his possessions.

HEART'S ALLEY.



WHEN we spooned, 'way back in 'sixty, at the springs,
And my story of distraction I unrolled
With many a squeeze and sigh,
And my heart-pulsations high,
She informed me with a smile that love was bold.

* * * * *

I met her only Tuesday at the beach.
She's a matron now, and rolls in shiny gold.
When I talked of times gone by,
With a twinkle in her eye
She remarked, "Oh, yes; how nicely love got bowled." G.

HIS HONOR TOUCHED.

Judge—"Mr. Slivers, your testimony is very difficult to be understood. You shouldn't deal so much in ambiguities."

Mr. Slivers (a horse-dealer)—"Yer honor, I denounce the implication. I never owned an ambiguity in my life. All my hosses is thoroughbreds."

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT

BOBBY had never seen the moon before when it was in its first quarter.

"Look!" he said to his nurse. "God has broken his lamp-shade."

A SONG FOR SUMMER RESORTS.

EYES were made to flirt,
Tongues were made to spoon,
Hearts were made to beat all day
With other hearts in tune.

Hands were made to hold,
Arms were made just right,
Waists were ditto, and lips—oh, my!
Try guessing, if you're bright.

A. A.

GOOD ONE ON BOSTON.

TOT, a Chicago girl, *en route* to Europe with her mother, drives through Boston going to her hotel.

Tot—"Mamma, why in the world doesn't that stupid driver go through the streets, instead of up the alleys?"

THE RULE THAT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

IN A POLICE COURT.

Magistrate—"This is the eighth time that you have been brought here for having been found in a beastly state of intoxication."

Prisoner—"Your honor, I am no drunkard." (Then assuming a tragic tone)—"I drink only to forget."

Magistrate—"That may be, but you never forget to drink."

UP AND DOWN.

"I CALLED, sir," said old Jinks to the tailor, "in reference to the letter you sent about the way my son has treated you. I guess you will find him all right in the future, because he has promised me to settle down."

"That doesn't interest me," replied the tailor; "I want him to settle up."

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

Mrs. de Hunter—"How is dear little Flossinella?"

Mrs. la Pointer—"Almost heart-broken; the *crêpe* bow at her throat is so unbecoming to her that her sensitive nature can scarcely endure it. But Rover, her half-brother, died last week, and she must wear it the two weeks, you know."

PETITE REINE.

AH! LITTLE QUEEN, my lady loves thee not.
I know not if it be thy slender form,
Thine envied grace, or daintiness, or what—
Enough to know she doth not grant thy charm.
Yet, let her rail; we will not hear nor heed.
My lips have touched thee; thou art mine indeed.
Nor foolish prejudice our joys shall mar,
Oh, petite reine!—my favorite cigar.

MARCELLUS.

FULLY PREOCCUPIED.

"MR. BJONES called on me this afternoon," remarked Cora, "and I was surprised to find him such a very reserved young man."

"It's no wonder he seemed reserved," returned Miss Snyder. "Why, he's engaged to at least three different young ladies."

AN UNAPPRECIATED CROOK.

MRS. CAUGHLAN (*whose cousin has sent her a Directoire parasol*)—"Well, well, look 'r thot now! Sure, it might be good t' catch shape on th' hills o' Connemara, but a Har-rlem goat wud knock it t' shplinthers wid wan kick."

LIFE-SAVER—"Now, my friend, you're all right. Hang right on to the line and I'll go ashore for a boat."

PROFESSOR SKIMM (*late of Barnum's circus*)—"S'pose I'm goin' ter stay in th' water an' freeze myself? Not much."

AN ASSISTED RESCUE.

AT THE USUAL RATE.

The pious old note-shaver died;
At the gate to St. Peter he cried,
"The interest I charged was not small, I'll admit,
But man's law allowed it, as when I saw fit
My profits somewhat to enhance,
The interest to take in advance.
But I rented a pew in a church,
And you'll surely not leave in the lurch
As pious a person as ever you knew!"
Said Peter, "A future of bliss is your due,
But the charge is one hundred per cent."
So he took the one hundred per cent.,
And the pious old note-shaver went
Where 'twas hot
And was not
What the note-shaver thought Peter meant.
—*Stanley Waterloo.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

She—"Do you love music? I am passionately fond of it." *He* (just introduced)—"I knew you were. I watched you the other night at the opera, and the way your jaws kept time to the music was a"——. *She*—"Sir?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a fac-simile of the beautiful little mother decided to have the christening service at home. A venerable minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms affectionately, and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents. "See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so, who knows but he may become a John Wesley, or a George Whitefield? What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother. —*Boston Traveler.*

"**DANDRUFF** is the most frequent cause of premature **BALDNESS.**"
"**ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers, and breeds profanity."
SCRATCHING is like paying a debt with a note.
SHAMPOOING with
PACKER'S TAR SOAP
is a hygienic luxury, promoting a clear, smooth skin, healthful scalp, and vigorous hair. Invaluable for irritations of the skin incident to summer. **25 cents.** Druggists. Sample (½ cake), 10 cents, stamps.
Mention JUDGE.
THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Try the
H. H. S.
(Londres Perfecto.)
A Gentleman's Cigar.
$7.50 per 100.
Sample Box of 25 sent prepaid for $2.
SACKER & WHITCOMB,
33 Central St., Boston, Mass.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

It makes a red-headed man mad when a fly helps itself to alight on his poll.

It is the girl with the creamy complexion that is soonest taken for butter or worse.

A man who stakes his happiness on a maiden, as a matter of course, makes a miss-stake.

Authority is like dried-apples. A few cents' worth will puff a small man up astonishingly.

The near-sighted hen that swallowed a bee was not long in concluding that hers was a peck of trouble.

Time flies, and we don't wonder at it, since it is continually urged on by the spur of the moment.

Fault is one of those little things that do not need to be seen in order to be found. A blind man can find fault.

Among the most unhappy moments of a boy's life-time are those in which he is like a girl—with a switch down his back.

A haberdasher declares that the collar trade has fallen off seventy per cent. since it has become possible for dudes to wear cuffs around their necks.

A western editor had a coin sent to him of a kind he had never seen before, and he devoted half a column of space to describing it. It proved to be a five-dollar gold-piece.

A quarry of paving-stone has been discovered near Meshoppen, Pa., in which the slabs are streaked with red, white, and blue veins. It ought to be made the national flag.

Some one has discovered that bashful men get the best wives. Well, they need them. A bold man can get on in the world be he ever so badly handicapped. A bashful man needs help.—*Binghamton Republican.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

They met and loved in the usual way
By the shores of the summer sea.
She a banker's daughter—'twas her own tale—
While a merchant prince was he.

And never, each vowed, had a flame like theirs
Sprung up in the human heart;
While the door of joy's future seemed hung with crape
When the time came on to part.

* * * * * *

Behind the counter she proudly stood,
And her eyes took a stony stare
As he asked to be shown some woolen socks
At a quarter or so a pair.

Forgetful how tender men's bosoms are,
Her pride said, "Ignore him!" She does!
She cut him as dead as a coffin-nail,
And he didn't know who she was.

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.—Case one dozen bottles, $30.00, net. Case two dozen half-bottles, $32,00, net.

JESTS ON CHICAGO.

From all we hear and read, water is not used for anything in Chicago except to put out fires and sprinkle the streets.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Chicago girl went to Dubuque, Iowa, to commit suicide. Could the wonderful climate of Chicago be better illustrated?—*Peoria Transcript.*

A company has been formed in Chicago to do all the hanging that may be required in the United States. But if full justice is done in Chicago it will have too much employment at home to attend to calls for its services from other parts of the country.—*Atlanta Journal.*

On the outskirts of the universe more facts can be gleaned in a moment in regard to the Cronin murder than can be learned in a month from the Chicago police, owing partly to the fact that so many members of the force are close to the heart of the mystery.—*Washington Post.*

Miss De Ham—"You are a recent comer to Chicago, I believe, Mr. Clearsides?" *Mr. Clearsides*—"Oh, no, indeed; I have resided here for more than a month." *Miss De Ham*—"Why, I can hardly credit it. The papers have not mentioned your name once in connection with the Cronin murder."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

OH! OH!

We hear with sorrow that our highly colored contemporary, JUDGE, is in trouble with its new neighbors because of the tremendous noise from its rumbling presses, a noise that destroys rest and the value of property in the immediate vicinity of JUDGE'S handsome new home. Such troubles are inseparable from success. We are ourselves in trouble with the staid and quiet people of Philadelphia, who object to the noise made by persons passing through on the Pennsylvania railroad, whose laughter over the contents of *Munsey's Weekly* seems to our Quaker brethren unnecessarily loud and prolonged. We regret the difficulty that has come up between ourselves and a community whose vices we do not know and whose virtues we admire, but we are powerless to mitigate its severity.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Kodak.

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SOHMER & CO.,
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CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
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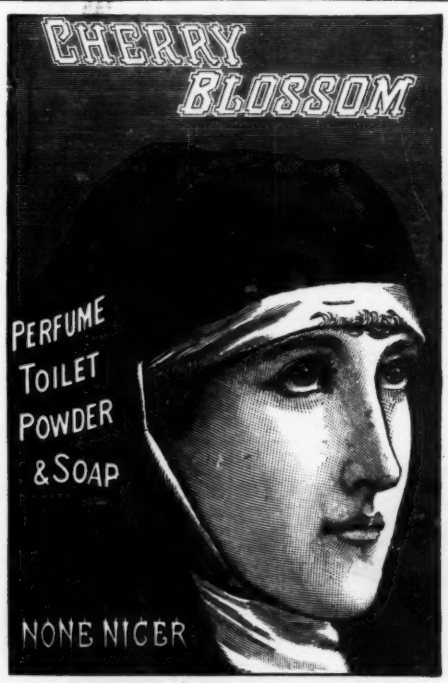

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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THE FINEST SMOKING MIXTURES ARE OF OUR MANUFACTURE.
15 First Prize Medals. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y

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Trunks and Traveling Bags,
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Corner 14th Street, NEW YORK.

Traveling Men Smoke and Recommend

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

FROM PUNSTER'S PENS.

The best English pun we know of is twenty shillings. —*Troy Press.*

The Englishman is more of an ale-ien than the German is.—*Washington Critic.*

Customers ought not to demand dressed beef in hot weather.—*Burlington Free Press.*

If one wants to bet on a swimming-match he should go in as a plunger.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Russia has more holidays than any other country, and yet the Russian always objects to a knouting.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Hippolyte has captured the town of Marmalade. It is to be hoped the conquered city was not beaten to a jelly.—*Baltimore American.*

Queen Victoria has reigned fifty-two years. That's a long time, but what's the matter with the Chicago signal-service man?—*Chicago Herald.*

A Boston amateur ball-club has taken the name of the "Bad Eggs." The members heard that bad eggs can never be beaten.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The papers in a couple of western cities are discussing the size of the mouths of the inhabitants thereof. It appears to be an open question.—*Norristown Herald.*

The coltish old citizen who yelled in his sleep, "That's a horse on me," found no trouble in convincing his wife that he had had the nightmare.—*Binghamton Republican.*

A THRILLING SOCIAL EPISODE.

There was a young lady named Moll,
Who purchased a new parasol
With a handle so long
That she had to be strong
Or she couldn't have lugged it at all.

She met a young man who, 'twas plain,
Was struggling with might and with main
To steady his gait
'Neath the terrible weight
Of his dreadfully cumbersome cane.

So intent was the beautiful Moll
On lugging her long parasol
That she passed the young swain
With the cumbersome cane
And never once saw him at all.

What a narrow escape for that swain!
Had she recognized him he would fain
Have lifted his hat.
But how could he do that
And carry his cumbersome cane?

—*Washington Post.*

The Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

THE PICNIC.

O joyous, gladsome picnic morn!
How cool the air, the skies how bright,
A thousand mental joys are borne
To fill the heart with wild delight.
The incense from the tree-crowned hills,
The babble of the woodland rills,
The wild bird's song which grandly trills
And all the forest-arches fills;
The mystic whisper of the trees,
The drowsy hum of honey-bees—
A scene designed the gods to please,
A dream of happiness and ease,
That all our being thrills.

O weary, dreadful picnic night!
I almost wish that I were dead;
I'm looking like a perfect fright,
And filled with aches from feet to head.
It's rained incessantly since morn,
My clothes are wet and stained and torn,
I'm feeling miserably forlorn,
I can't now think why I was born.
The woods were full of beggar's-lice,
We drank rain-water without ice,
And dinners full of ants aren't nice.
Hereafter a picnic device
Will catch me—in a horn. —*Omaha World.*

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der Almighdy yoost gif efery feller yoost enuff knowledges to fit him for acting his part out in dis life.

Firtue don'd got plenty reward in dis vorldt. Vhen she did, mans don'd would hafe a locomotive to been a great succeed in der vorldt to come.

Pblaindy enuff blessings mitout eny sorrow loose me der abbreciation of der fun.

Oxberience vas told us a t'ousand times dot Gott in himmel vas judge besser for us den we cood judge for our own self.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 CENTS A BOX.
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Address B. F. ALLEN & CO.,
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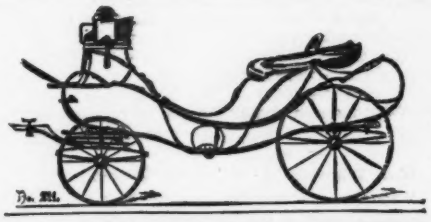

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Every Saturday at 1 P.M.

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Also
Lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska.

This will, no doubt, prove a Popular train. Business men can leave after close of business Saturday, and take supper with their families in the Mountains.

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leaves all points in the Mountains Monday Morning, arriving at New York in time for business.

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Racquets: "Sears' Special," $7.00; "Pettitt" (just out), $5.50; "Longwood," $4.00; "Park," $3.00; "Surprise," $2.00.

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A Pure, Delicious, Agreeable Table Water.

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HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES ARE THE BEST MADE

For driving or street wear. Made with care from selected stock and warranted. Those wishing **serviceable** gloves and to learn how to get them and save money, send stamp to the manufacturer for his book **about gloves.** Established 1862.

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BLACK DRAPERY NETS.

Imported specially for this season—large variety of patterns—at the most reasonable prices.

Black Spanish Guipure Flouncings,

EMBROIDERED MUSLINS, HEMSTITCHED FLOUNCINGS, HAMBURG EDGING, ETC.

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In a variety of styles—Roman Stripes and Rich Brocades.

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MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Good morning

HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD,

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Embraces the Latest and Highest Achievements of Inventive Skill.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.

"HULLO."

W'en you see a man in woe
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
Grin' an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wroppin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale, an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me—
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far-away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "hullo!"

—*S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.*

Old gentleman (at the head of the stairs)—"Ahem, ain't it gettin' purty late?" *Fannie*—"Oh, no, father dear, it's hardly light yet."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

John Swift, a Connecticut man, lived to the age of eighty-eight without being sick one hour in his whole life. He never had mumps, measles, headache nor toothache, and when he died it was more because a tree fell upon him than from any fault of his.—*Free Press.*

Henry—"I understand you met your girl's father at the house last night." *Thomas*—"Well, no, not exactly; but he was there while I was." *Henry*—"Did he show you the door?" *Thomas* (confidently)—"Oh, no; I found it myself."—*Washington Critic.*

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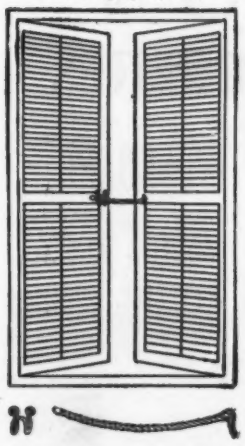

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BRIGHT BITS.

It is getting so that a weather-prophet can't even predict a storm of indignation.—*Washington Critic.*

The wife who can retain a sure hold upon her husband's heart will never have occasion to take a grip on his hair.—*Terre Haute Express.*

There is one thing that the invincible western cyclone has never yet succeeded in raising, and that is a mortgage.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A minister once excused himself from filling one of his regular appointments on the ground that he had recently returned from his vacation and felt weary.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

I know a gard'ner bright and spry,
But for a certain reason
His crops, tho' blest with culture high,
Are far behind the season.

More faith is what the laddie needs,
For he is always doubting,
And every day digs up the seeds
To see if they are sprouting.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.—*Boston Courier.*

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With its words of learned length;
Let "The dangers of the nation"
Rest a year and gather strength.

Take the books of Greek and Latin,
Sell them all at second-hand;
Let some other brain-space fatten
Up a flabby lachrymal gland.

Burn the song to *alma mater;*
Never more beneath the moon
Must the singer linger later
Than the solemn midnight's noon.

Spare a while the fattened weiner,
Do not kill the little cow;
Wait until the lad gets leaner,
Johnnie's got to hustle now.
—*Buffalo Express.*

SAID BY JOSH BILLINGS.

A man may possibly git the remembrance ov his natiff country out ov hiz mind, but he never can out ov his heart.

I don't suppose thare haz ever lived in this world a man who haz improved the whole ov hiz opportunity and abilitys.

There is no better evidence ov true friendship than tew speak ov a man's vices tew his face, and ov his virtews behind his back.

After we have got all a man's sekrets out of him, then we either despise him or pity him, and to be pittyed iz no better than to be dispised.

This setting down and folding our arms and waiting for sumthing tew turn up iz just about az rich a speculashun az going out into a 400-acre lot, setting down on a sharp stone with a pail between our knees, and waiting for a cow tew back up and be milked.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

The sun delights to spend its rays
Upon some ugly spot,
To make a rainbow of a haze,
Or gild a chimney-pot.

The monarch ocean condescends
To kiss a muddy shore;
And oft a pretty nostril lends
Its beauty to a snore.

I know that all this isn't news,
But it may help you when
You wonder pretty women choose
To marry ugly men.
—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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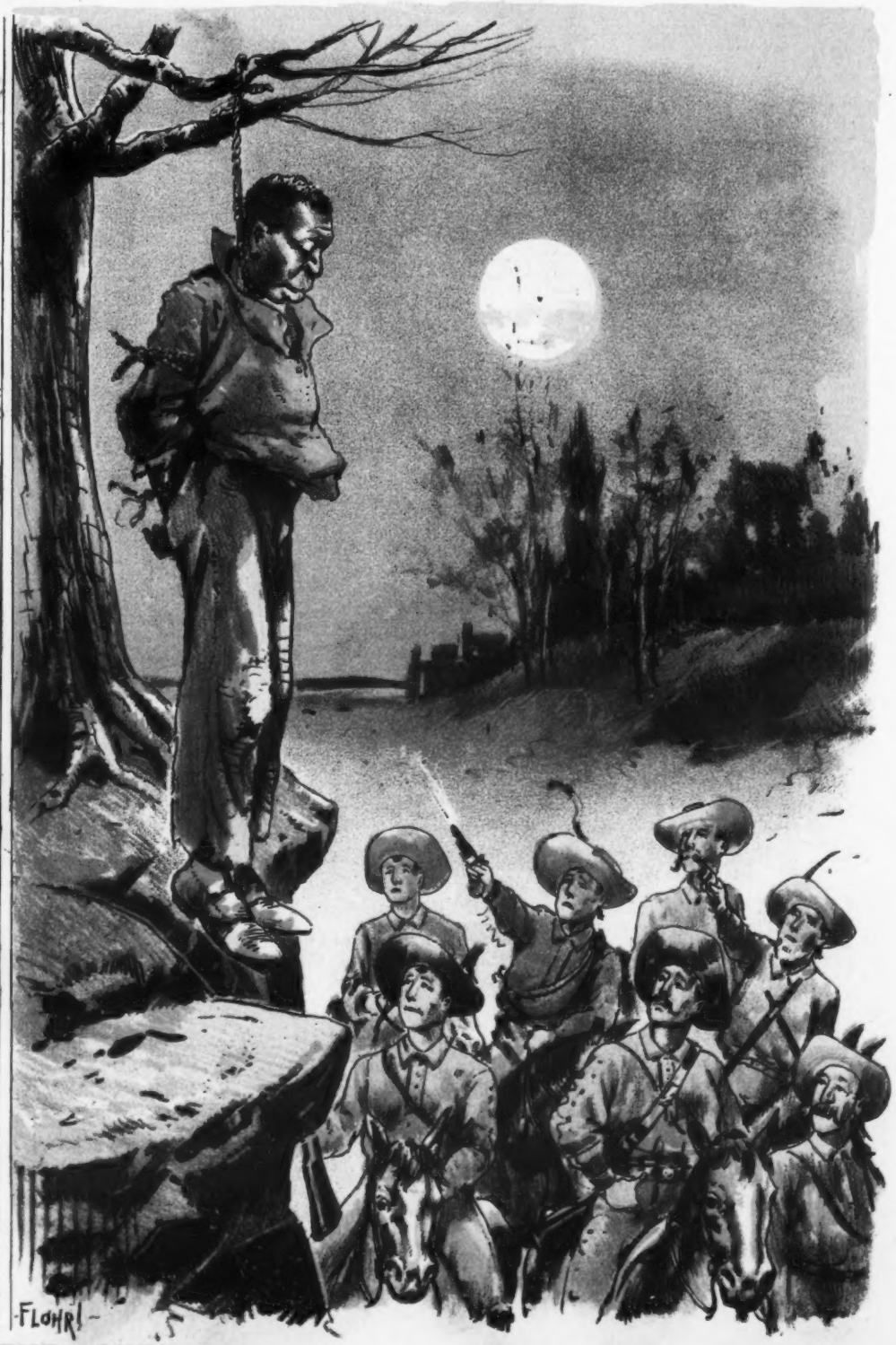

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